

What Kind of Love Is This Monica Brown

What kind of Love is it
That every heart longs to find?
Love that sets our spirits free
and honors our dignity.

What kind of love is this?
Where is it found?
In the depths of every human heart.
It is God's own love!

What kind of love is it?
That goes beyond one's own self?
Reaching out to those in need
to care for them tenderly.

And what kind of love is it
That our world hungers for?
Could it be your love?
Can you dare to let it be?

What kind of love is this?
Where is it found?
In the depths of your own heart.
Yes, it's God's own love!

What kind of love is it
That lasts for eternity
That gives oh so faithfully
And is willing to forgive?

Prayer Leader:

Carol Kandiko

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Lovely and Radiant in God's Light



Photo from Pexels



Our prayer is characterized by silence ~

Be still and know that I am God!

In that silence we listen for a new word.
God is present in all our lives.
God cares for us, and
our life experiences are a source
of deepening knowledge of God and self.

Inspired by God's Word in the silence
we share from our hearts.

Renew · Refresh · Refocus

14812 Lake Ave, Lakewood, OH 44107 | 216.228.7415
centeringspace@srs charity.org | www.centeringspace.org

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To Ponder: Barbara Fiand [On Becoming Who We Are](#)

Our God is a God within us and all around us. There is no distance between us and the Source of our being. We are enveloped by the Divine. God does not need to come “under our roof.” We really do not stand or kneel *before* “Him,” nor do we need to wonder about our unworthiness—a term, I believe, with which God is totally unfamiliar. One of my favorite mantras [is] “I in You and You in me.” It is a prayer of immanent presence and healing. To dwell in the recognition of this infinite tenderness is indeed grace, as Symeon, the New Theologian recognized already in the tenth century:

For if we genuinely love Him,
we wake up inside Christ’s body
where all our body, all over,
every most hidden part of it,
is realized in joy as Him,
and He makes us utterly, real,
and everything that is hurt, everything
that seemed to us dark, harsh, shameful,
maimed, ugly, irreparably damaged,
is in Him transformed
and recognized as whole,
as lovely and radiant in His light
we awaken as the Beloved
in every last part of our body.

Reading: Leonard Nathan “So”

So you aren’t Tolstoy or Saint Francis
or even a well-known singer of popular songs
and will never read Greek
or speak French fluently,
will never see something no one else
has seen before through a lens
or with the naked eye.

You’ve been given just the one life
in this world that matters
and upon which every other life
somehow depends as long as you live,
and also given the costly gifts of hunger, choice,
and pain with which to raise
a modest shrine to meaning.



Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...